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EDMUND EYSLER
SIGMUND ROMBERG

The Blue Paradise

G. SCHIRMER
New York

The Blue Paradise

A Viennese Operetta in a Prologue and Two Acts

The Book by
LEO STEIN and BELA JENSBACH

The American Version by
EDGAR SMITH

The Music by
EDMUND EYSLER and SIGMUND ROMBERG

Ed. 954

Vocal Score, $4.00
(In U. S. A.)

G. SCHIRMER
NEW YORK

M004385

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Music

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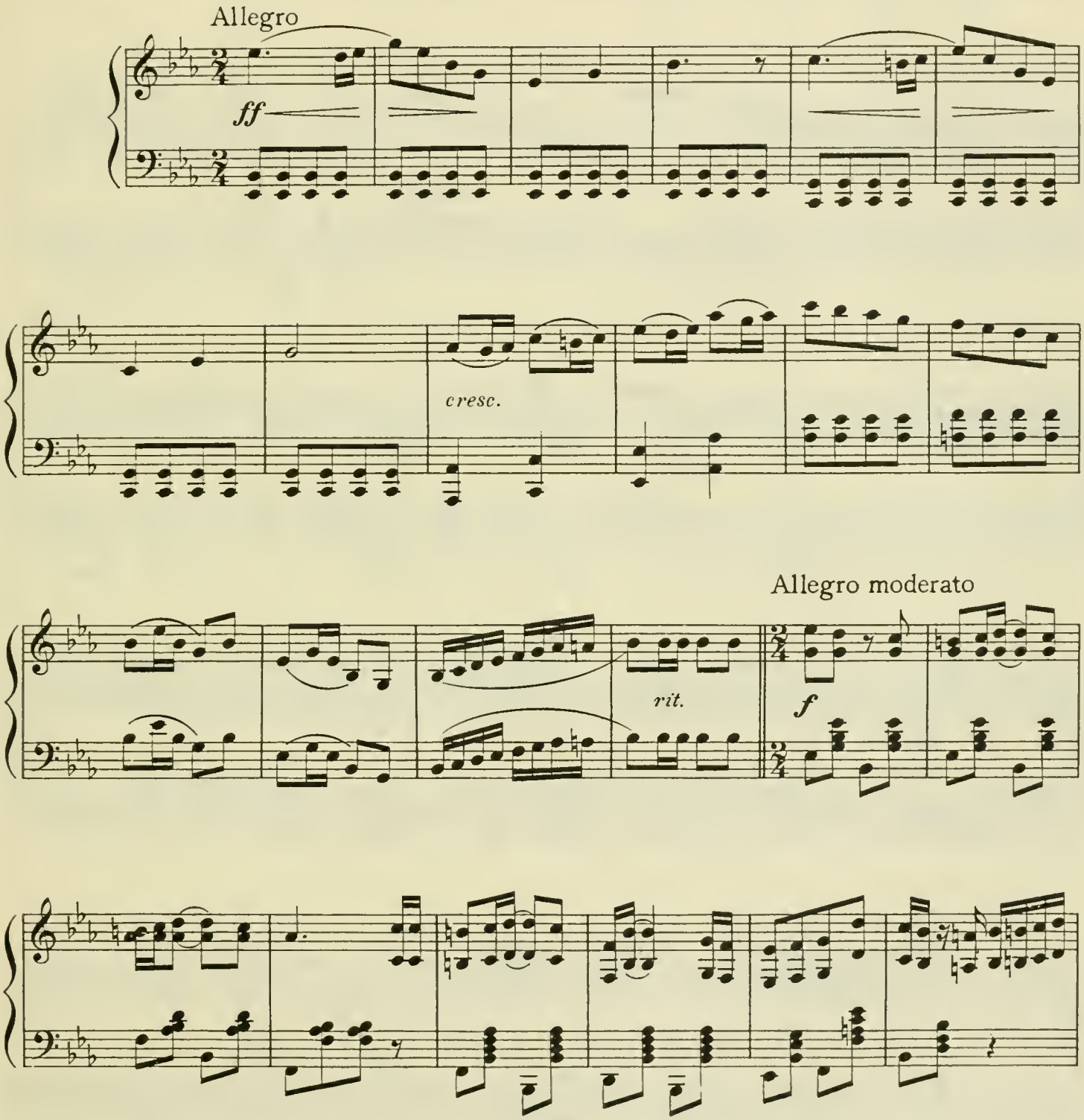
The Blue Paradise

A Viennese Operetta

No. 1. Overture



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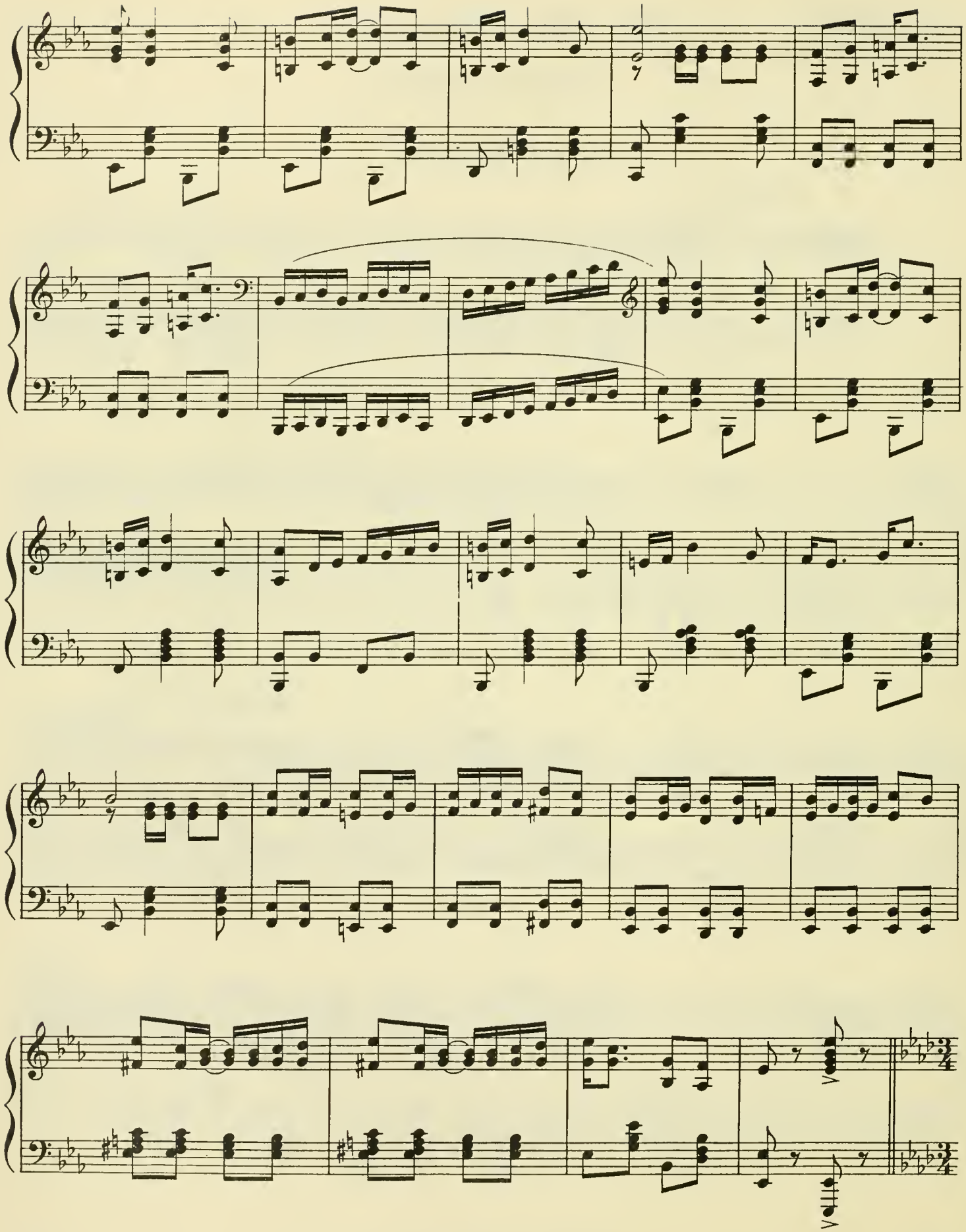

Tempo di Valse

f

f

mf

f

ff

f

Allegretto

f

f

f

Tempo di Valse

p

Allegro moderato

rit.

a tempo

rit.

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PROLOGUE

No. 2. Opening Ensemble

A Toast to Woman's Eyes

Lyrics by
Herbert Reynolds

Music by
Sigmund Romberg

Allegro moderato

Here's a toast to wo-men's eyes That guide the fool-ish and the wise, Ev-er since the world be-gan Guide the des-ti-ny of man; Who dares to raise an emp-ty glass And let this bright oc-ca-sion pass? Drink to those we i-dol-ize, But see no more in blue pa-ra-dise.

allargando

rit.

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Evolution for entrance of Mizzi

I've ro-ses

Mizzi

red and white to sell And pret-ty mi-gno-nette as well; I've ro-ses

red and white to sell And pret-ty mi-gno-nette as well.

Officer

Evolution for entrance of Officer

Oh, wait-er,

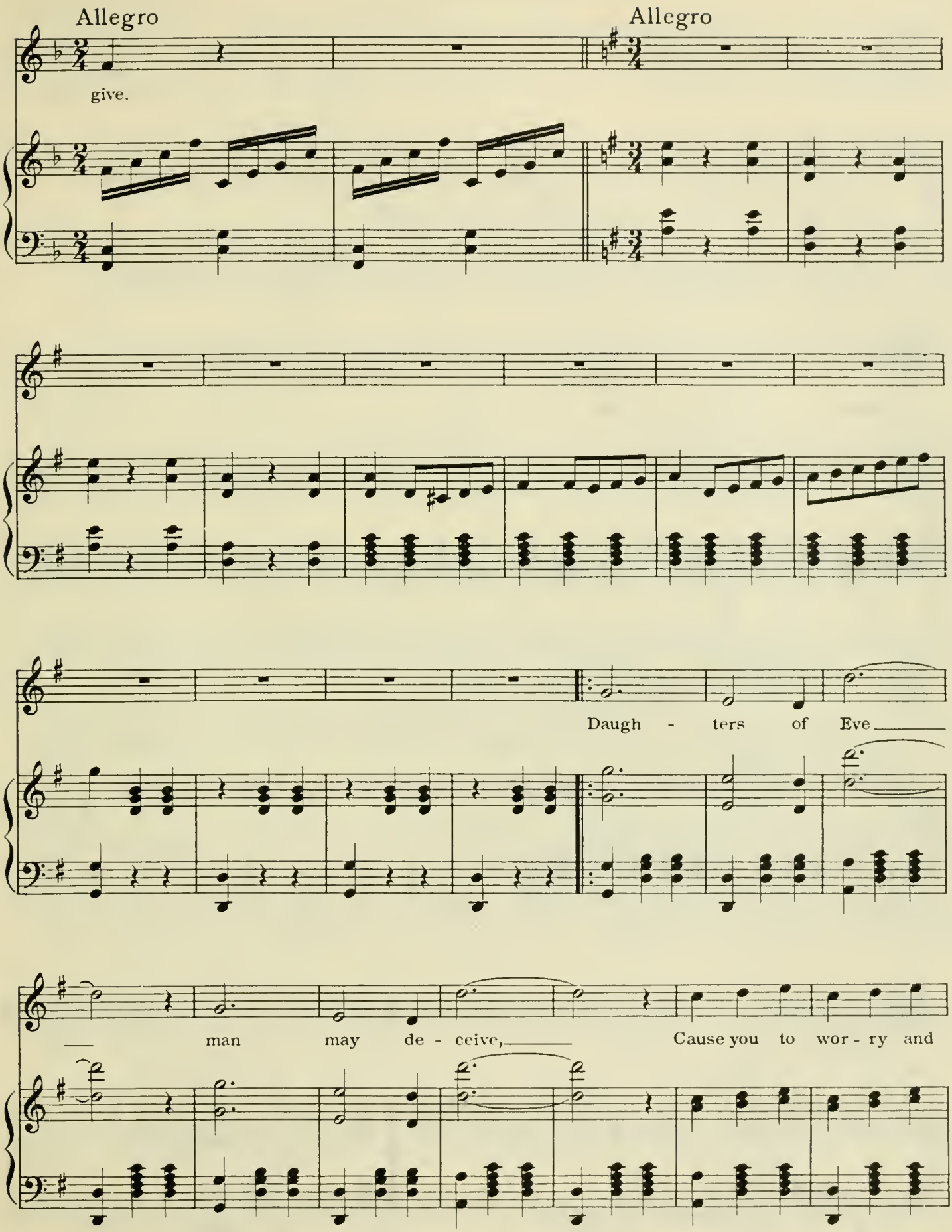
one more bot - tle here! A kiss should go with that, my dear.

Mizzi

Andante moderato

Oh, thank you, sir, you're ver - y nice, But that has nev - er

been my price; I'd find it ver - y hard to live If that is all you care to


Allegro
give.
Allegro
Daugh - ters of Eve
man may de - ceive,
Cause you to wor - ry and

cause you to grieve; Yet you be - lieve all the sto - ries they

weave. Daugh - ters of Eve man may de -

ceive, Plead-ing for love from the daugh-ters of Eve From the

1. daugh - ters of Eve.

2. ters of Eve.

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No.3. Drinking Song
Here's to You, My Sparkling Wine

Lyrics by
Blanche Merrill

Music by
Leo Edwards

Allegro moderato

Rudolph

When I'm with good fel - lows I nev-er want to think Of an-y-thing that's so-ber, I just want to drink, For each drink brings glad-ness un - to my ver - y soul, And then I al-ways take an-oth-er, my hap-pi-ness to con-sole.

All

Here's to you, my spark - ling wine! You that know no sor - row,

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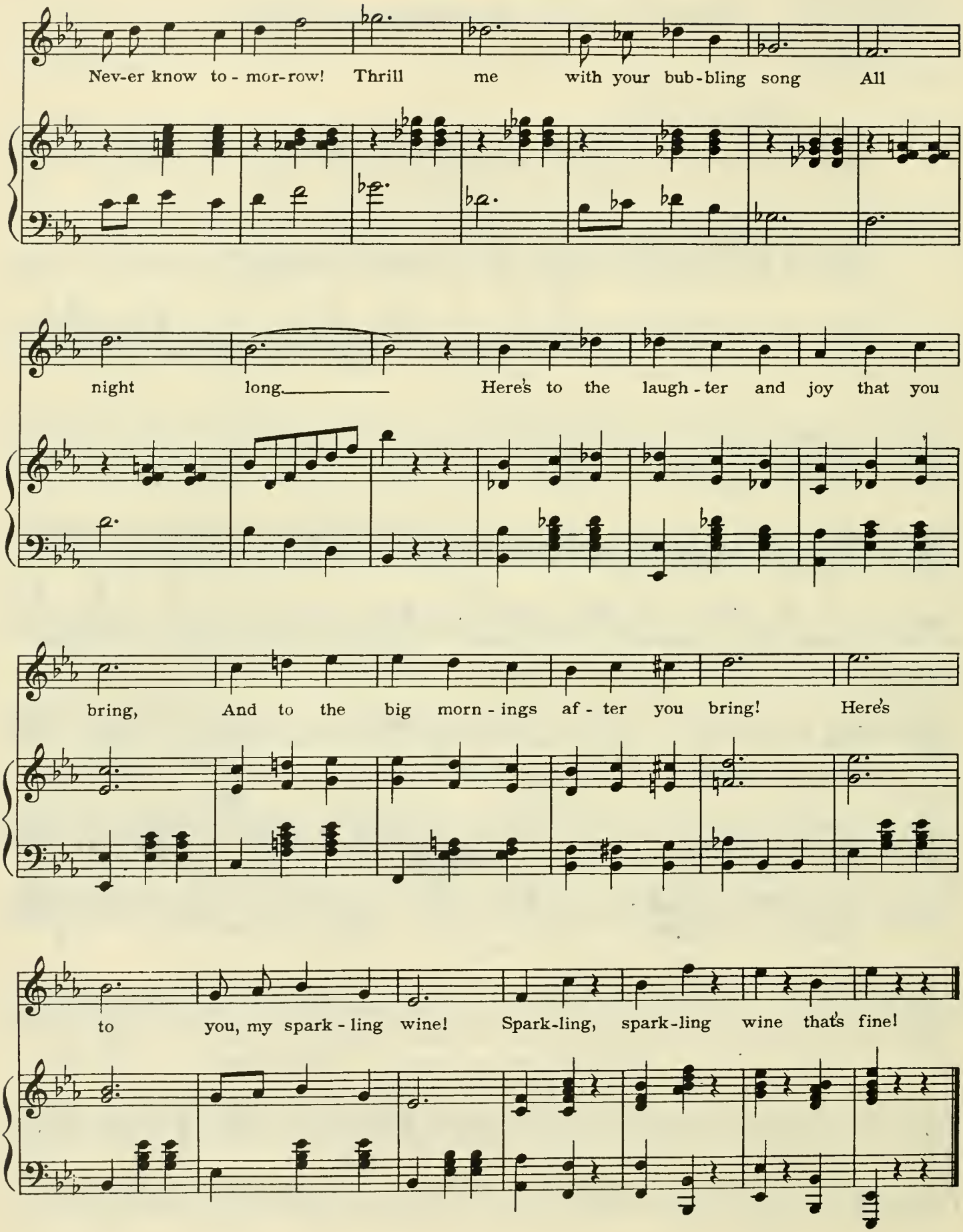
Nev-er know to - mor-row! Thrill me with your bub-bling song All
night long. Here's to the laugh - ter and joy that you
bring, And to the big morn - ings af - ter you bring! Here's
to you, my spark - ling wine! Spark-ling, spark-ling wine that's fine!

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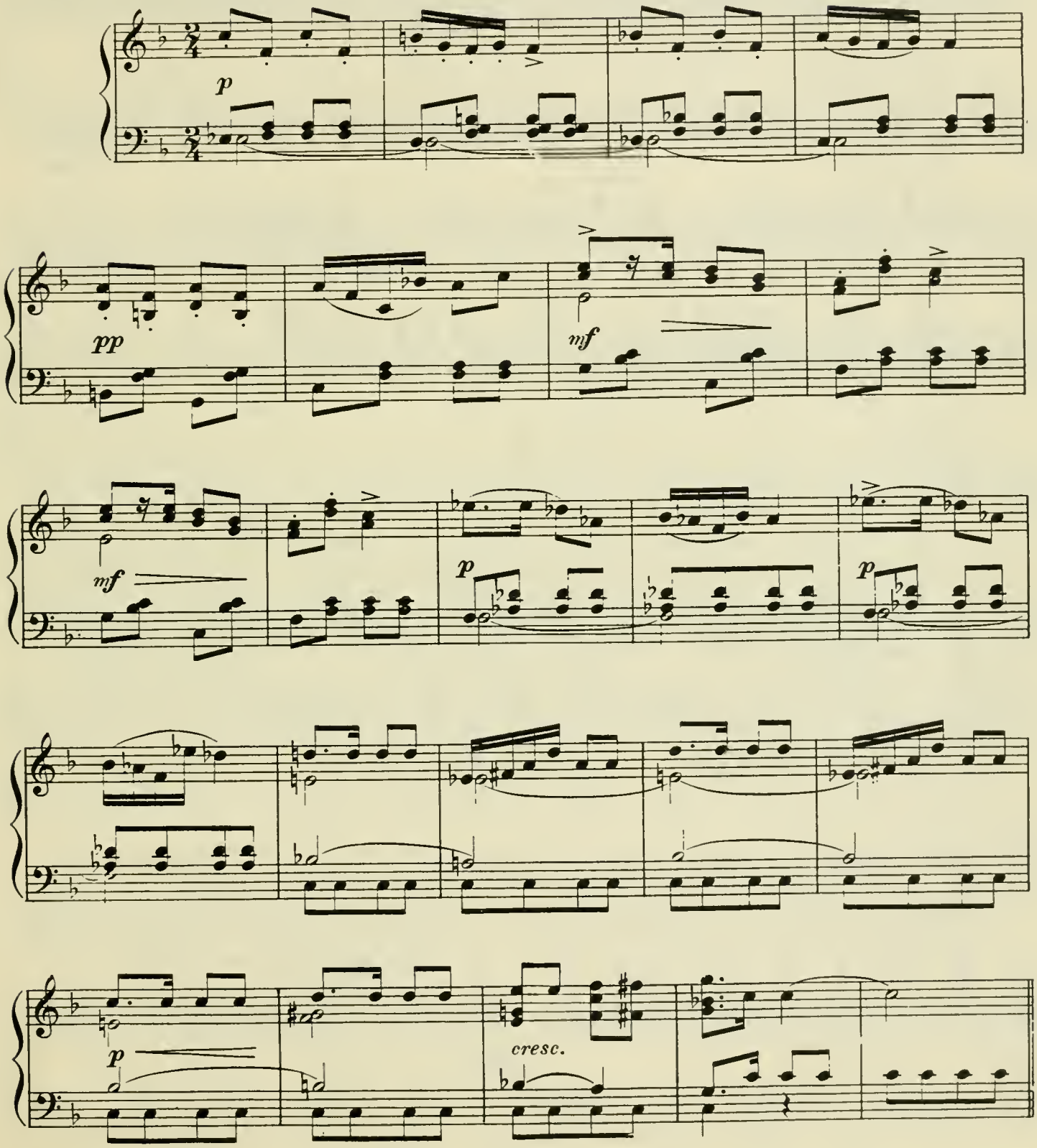
No. 4
To Paradise We'll Gaily Trip

Lyrics by
Herbert Reynolds

Music by
Edmund Eysler

Allegretto



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p

Stoeger

Come

p

to its pret-ty gar-den All o - pen to the day, We'll join the mer-ry
plant me at the ta - ble With lots of pret - ty flow'rs, And with the girl that

throng there, And love and laugh and play. The food is good and sim - ple, The
loves me I'll while a - way the hours. I'll sip the choic-est vin-tag-es And

mf

wines are of the best, And all the girls are love-ly And beau-ti-ful-ly
hear the lat-est song, With life and all its pleasures Tripping mer-ri-ly a-

Slowly

dressed. To Par-a-dise we'll gai-ly trip: Link your arm in mine. For
long.

mf *p*

there are pret-ty pout-ing lips, Red-der than the wine; And you may kiss a

p *p*

pair of them, In-vit-ed by blue eyes, You'll be in-tox-i-cat-ed Be-

p *p*

mf *p*

fore you take a drink. You'll be in - tox - i - cat - ed Be - fore you take a drink.

2. So

drink. To Par - a - dise we'll gai - ly trip: Link your arm in mine. For

Hampel

To Par - a - dise we'll gai - ly trip: Link your arm in mine. For

Walther

To Par - a - dise we'll gai - ly trip: Link your arm in mine. For

Stransky

To Par - a - dise we'll gai - ly trip: Link your arm in mine. For

there are pret - ty pout - ing lips, Red - der than the wine. And you may kiss a

there are pret - ty pout - ing lips, Red - der than the wine. And you may kiss a

there are pret - ty pout - ing lips, Red - der than the wine. And you may kiss a

there are pret - ty pout - ing lips, Red - der than the wine. And you may kiss a

f

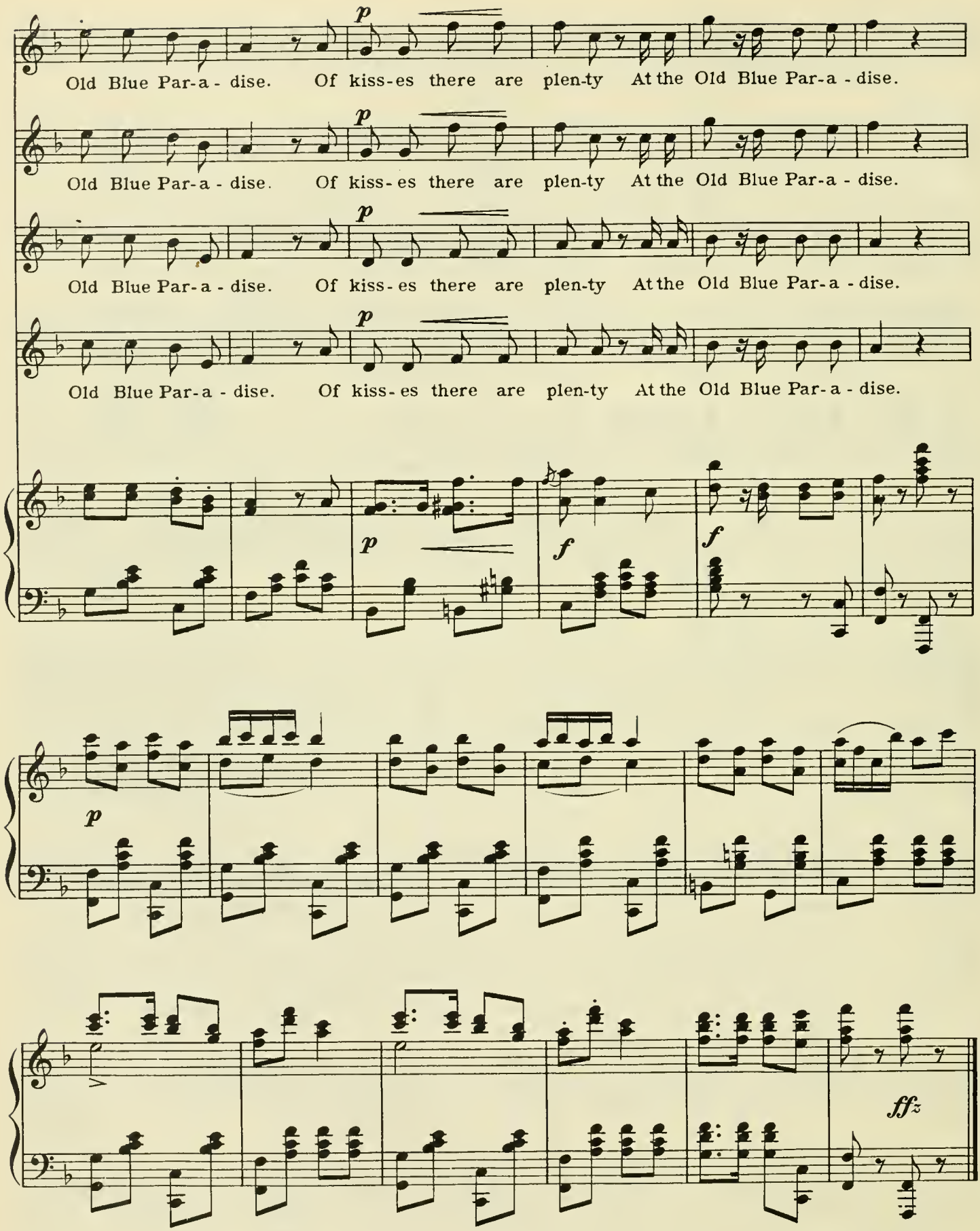
pair of them, In - vit - ed by blue eyes. Of kiss - es there are plen - ty At the

pair of them, In - vit - ed by blue eyes. Of kiss - es there are plen - ty At the

pair of them, In - vit - ed by blue eyes. Of kiss - es there are plen - ty At the

pair of them, In - vit - ed by blue eyes. Of kiss - es there are plen - ty At the

p


p
Old Blue Par-a - dise. Of kiss-es there are plen-ty At the Old Blue Par-a - dise.
p
Old Blue Par-a - dise. Of kiss-es there are plen-ty At the Old Blue Par-a - dise.
p
Old Blue Par-a - dise. Of kiss-es there are plen-ty At the Old Blue Par-a - dise.
p
Old Blue Par-a - dise. Of kiss-es there are plen-ty At the Old Blue Par-a - dise.
p
f
f
p
ffz

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No. 5

Tell the Town "Hello" To-night

Lyrics by
Harold Atteridge

Music by
Sigmund Romberg

Allegretto

I used to be the Hel - lo cen - tral girl, I was the best out on the west, I used to keep all the wires a - whirl.

m.s. *mf* *f* *mf*

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As you might have guessed, Some

rall.

boy when all a - lone I'd call up on the phone!

rall.

CHORUS

a tempo

Hel - lo! Hel - lo! I have no place to go,

a tempo

That's the rea - son, dear - ie, That I want you near me!

Hel - lo! Hel - lo! Oh, I just need you so! Now don't keep

out of sight, Oh, let's go out, I'm feel - ing

right, The lights are burn - ing bright: Let's tell the

town Hel - lo! to - night. night.

1. 2.

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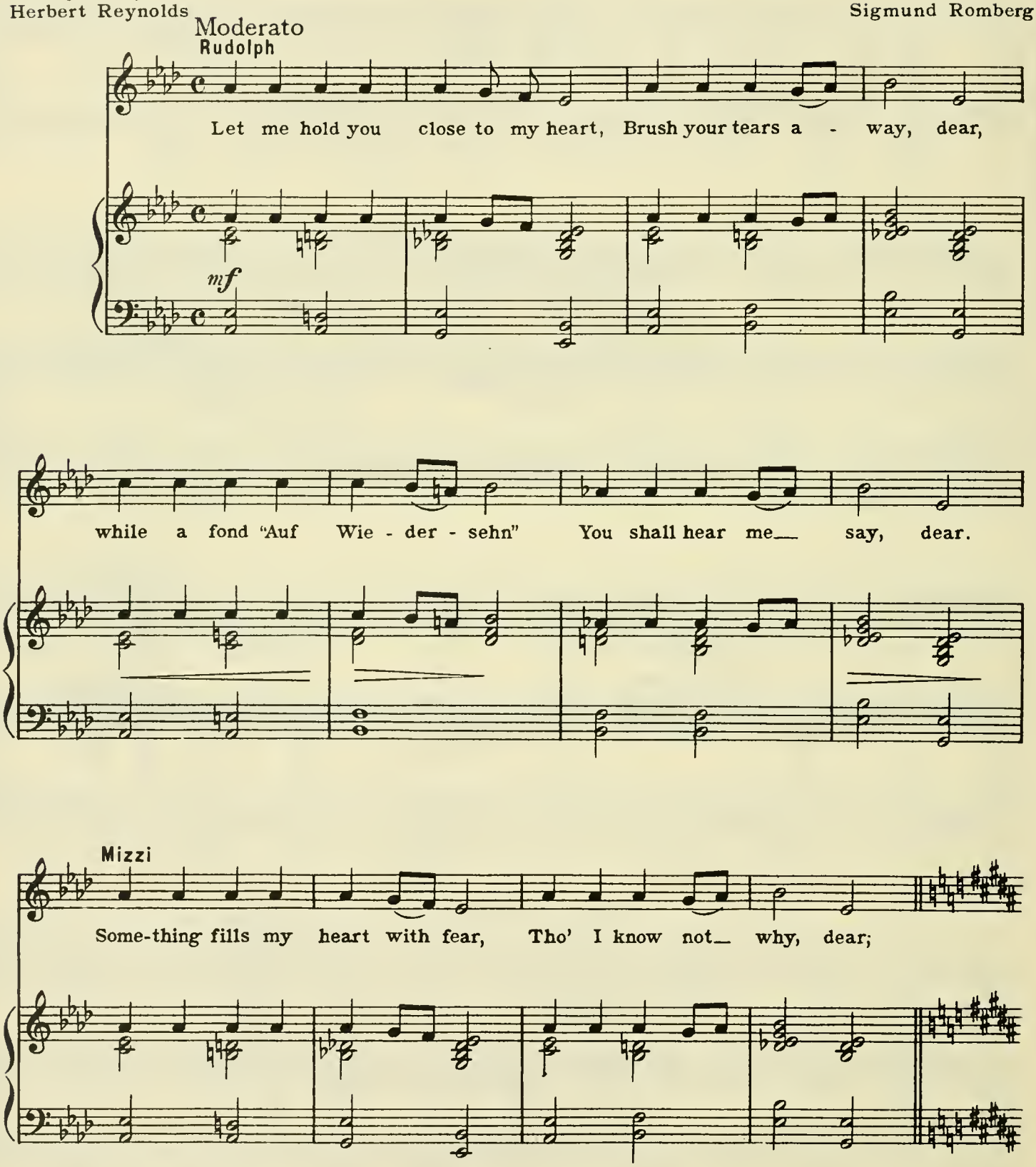
No. 6.

Auf Wiedersehn!

Lyrics by
Herbert Reynolds

Music by
Sigmund Romberg



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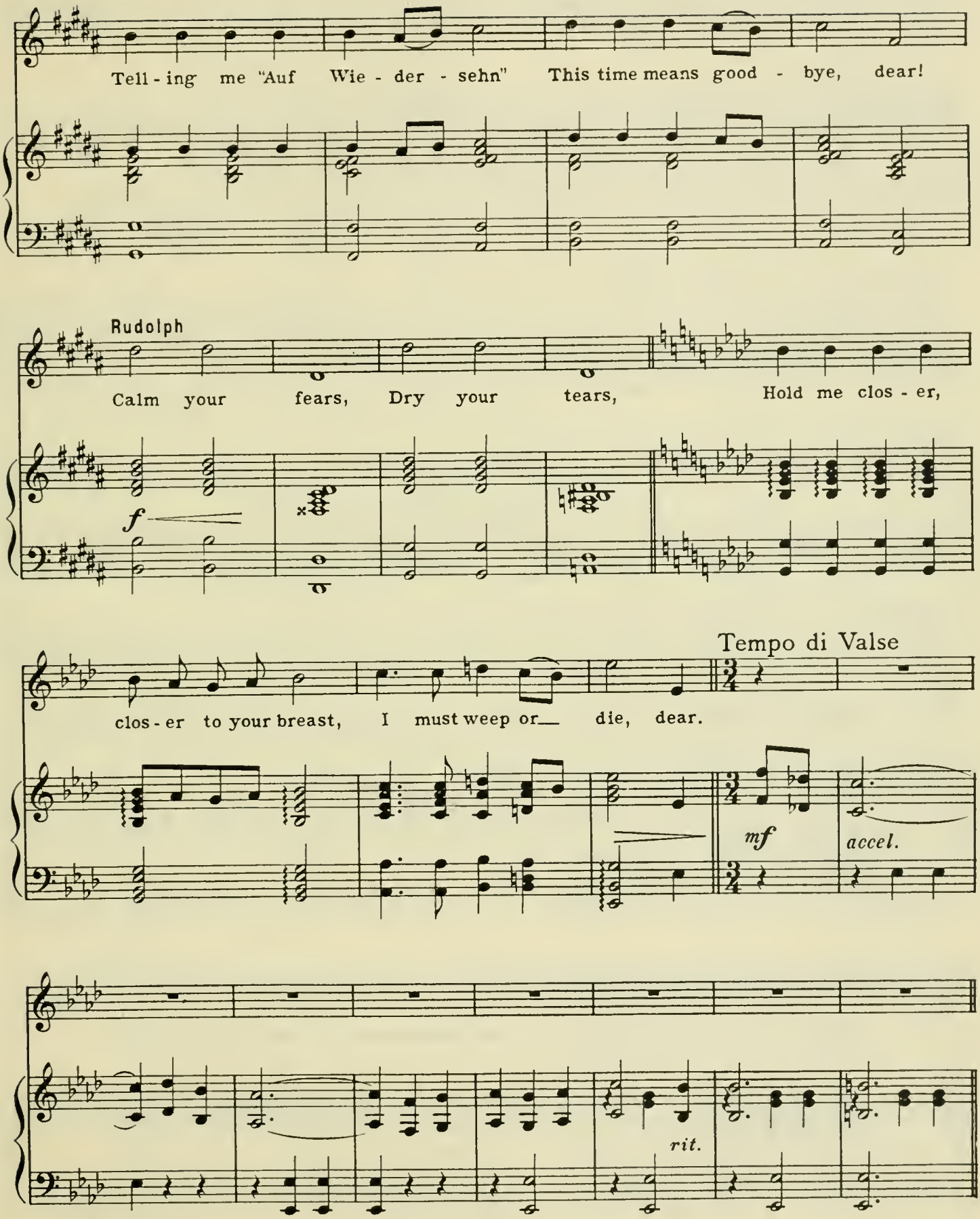
Tell - ing me "Auf Wie - der - sehn" This time means good - bye, dear!
Rudolph
Calm your fears, Dry your tears, Hold me clos - er,
f
clos - er to your breast, I must weep or die, dear.
Tempo di Valse
mf
accel.
rit.

a tempo

Love lives ev - er, Know-ing no word like good - bye,

a tempo

p

Hearts may sev - er, True love can nev - er die!

Calm all your fears and dry all your tears, Love will re - main when all else shall wane,

mf

Guid-ing me on thro' the years: Auf Wie-der-sehn, Auf Wie - der - sehn!

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ACT I

No. 7. Opening Chorus
We Wish You a Pleasant Journey

Lyrics by
Herbert Reynolds

Music by
Sigmund Romberg

Allegro

ff marc.

We

mf

wish you the pleasant-est of jour-neys, sir, Where-ev-er you go from

here, from here We wish you the pleasant-est of jour-neys, sir, Where-

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ev-er you go from here. And hope that you'll be back next year, We thank you, and

f *mf*

thank you most sin-cere - ly, sir. And hope sir, when-ev-er you ap - pear,

That you will have as nice a time again, That you will have as nice a

time a-gain And make quite a long, long stay, Your

f *mf*

trunk is properly labeled, your clothes are proper - ly packed, You won't find things to

complain of as a matter of fact, of as a matter of fact.

poco rit.

Valse Allegro

Vi - en - na, Vi - en - na the place of wine and song With

mf

wild hip hoo - ray they turn night in to day, And always go home at the peep of the

fz *fz*

dawn, Vi - en - - na, Vi - en - - na where life is bright and gay Our

feet may stray from you far a - way, But our hearts will for - ev-er stay.

Your tax-i's gen-tle-men are at the door, In cho-rus we now thank you all once

more And though we ve - ry much pre-fer to stay We'll have to tear

ourselves a - way Good - bye ____ we thank you for tips Good-bye ____ the pleasantest

trip Good bye ____ we thank you for tips Good - bye ____ we thank you for tips Good-

cresc *sempre*

bye ____ Vi -

f marc. *cresc.* *ff rit.*

en - na Vi - en - na The place of wine and song ____ With wild hip hur -

f brillante

rah they turn night in to day And go home at the peep of the dawn — Vi-en - na, Vi-

ffz *f brillante*

en - na where life is bright and gay. — Our feet may stray from you far a-

way, far a-way, far a-way But our hearts will for ev - er stay, will for

cresc.

ev - - - er — stay. —

ff *ffz*

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No. 8

Duet and Dance

Lyrics by
Herbert Reynolds

Music by
Edmund Eysler

Allegretto moderato

mf

p

Grazioso

Rudy

R.

While you are there and I am here, A world of dist-ance lies between us

f

p

Gaby

G.

and yet so near,

R

two. So ver-y far, I sit and longingly I look, quite true. And I'm

p

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Gaby

G. And with your arm a-round my waist,

R. dy - ing to be a bit near - er. If

G. is quite mis - placed.

R. you believe that you'll es - cape me, Your con - fidence

Gaby Rudy

G. R. This is a sit - u - a - tion That calls for col - lab - or -

mf *f*

Gaby

R. G. a - tion, That is in - sin - u - a - tion

p

Rudy — Gaby

R. G.

Prom - is - ing sweet os - cu - la - - tion, Which is a prac - tise I

f *dolce*

G. R. — Rudy

do not ad - mire; But, nev - er the - less, what you

R.

real - ly re - quire. And, dear, if you'd on - ly let me know

pp

R.

Just where in the day - time you wan - der, oh, I would be there,

p

R. G. — Gaby

I would be there. You don't seem to be quite a - ware that

Allegretto moderato

G. I would nev-er make a date with you, That's something I could never do. No!

R. Rudy No!

rit.

R. & G. No!

R. G. Gaby Ev-'ry Tuesday I am at the op-'ra seated in the co-ziest of stalls there,

p

G. Ev-'ry Friday finds me in the rink and anyone who calls there I am pleased to see. And until nine or

p

G. there-abouts each evening I con-tinue skat-ing to and fro there with who-ev-er I may know there. But

p dolce

G

rit.

I would much pre-fer to skate with some one fond of me.

dolce accel.

rit.

Rudy

R.

I un-der-stand now that Tues-days and Fri-days In fu-ture I must con-sider as

Gaby

G.

Oh, please, there are others quite near. Don't speak so loud-ly, they'll hear.

R.

my days.

p

G.

Ev-'ry Tuesday I am at the op-'ra seat-ed in the coziest of stalls there, Ev-'ry Friday

R.

p

Ev-'ry Tuesday at the op-'ra Coziest stalls

p

G. finds me at the rink and an-y-one who calls there I am pleased to see.

R. at the rink pleased to see. And un-til nine or

G. Ev - 'ry ev'n-ing skat - ing go with who-ev-er

R. there-a-bouts each ev'n-ing you con-tin-ue skat-ing too and fro there with who-ev-er

G. I may know there: But I pre-fer to skate with some-one who is fond of me.

R. you may know there: But you pre-fer to skate with some-one who is fond of you.

p *dolce* *p* *ff*

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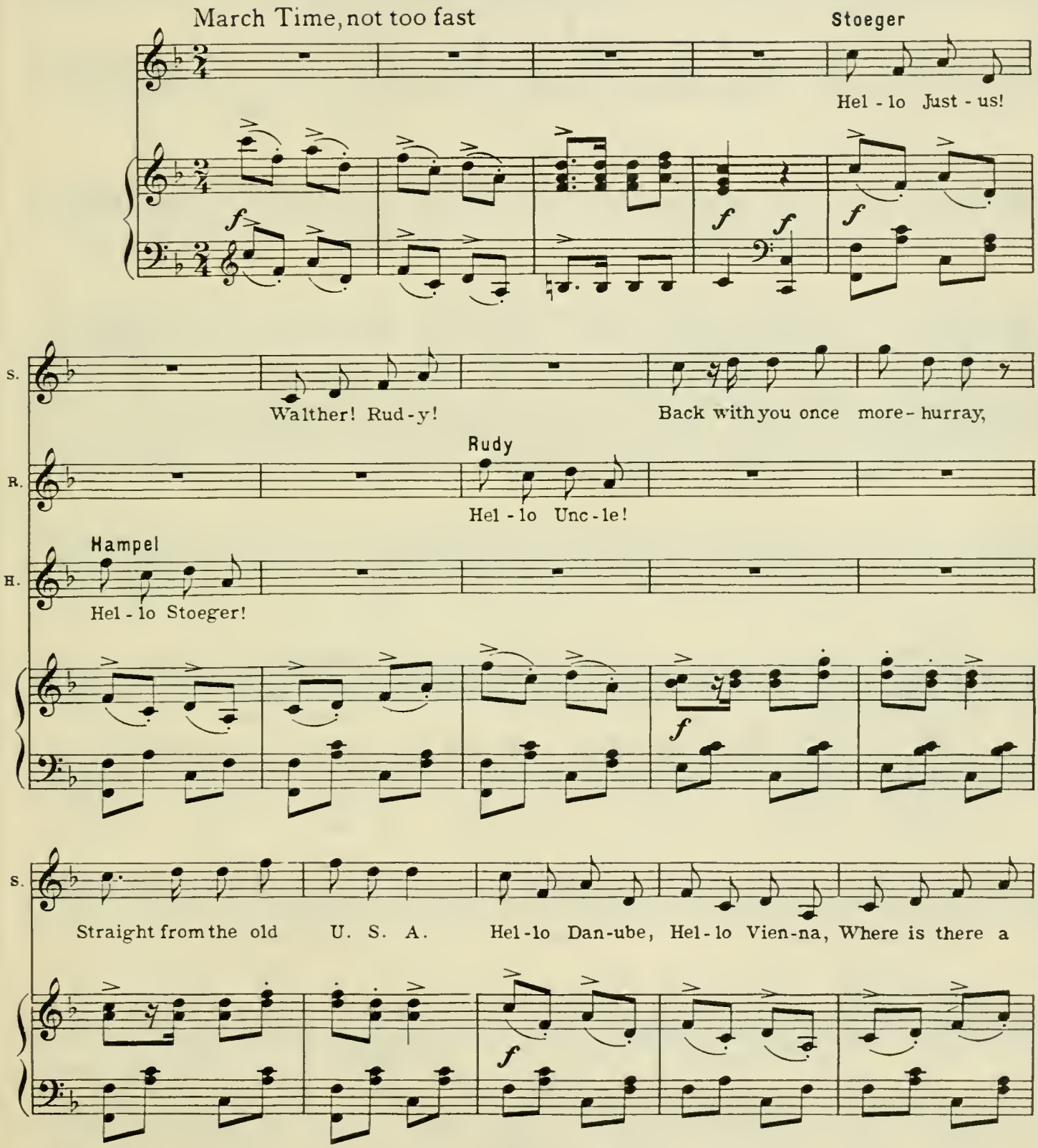
No. 9

Vienna, Vienna

Lyrics by
Herbert Reynolds

Music by
Edmund Eysler



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S.

cit - y like you! Sweet-est spot on all the earth, Land that gave me birth.

f *mf*

Somewhat slower

S.

Day and night I've longed once more to meet you, In my boy-hood home once

p *accel.* *f* *ff* *p* *meno*

S.

more to greet you. Hope has been grat-i-fied at last, Friends as

accel. *f* *ff* *p* *p*

S.

we were in the past. Ston - y side-walks seem to shout a greet-ing,

p *f* *ff*

S.

While my heart with joy-ous throb is beat-ing: Back where all the friends I knew are

p *f* *ff* *f*

S.

tried and true Vien - na How d'ye do! How d'ye do!

rit. *rit.* *rit.*

Quietly, not fast

S.

Do the caf - és night - ly fill?

R.

Sure - ly, Sure - ly.

W.

Sure - ly, Sure - ly.

H.

Sure - ly, Sure - ly.

Quietly, not fast

p *p*

S. Are the quar-tettes sing-ing still?

R. Sure-ly, Sure-ly.

W. Sure-ly, Sure-ly.

H. Sure-ly, Sure-ly.

p *p*

S. Is the night-time rich with laugh-ter As it used to be – And

poco rit.

S. wild fri-vol-i-ty? I want to hear you tell me, hear you tell me.

poco rit.

Tempo I° not too fast

S. Have they left me an - y wine? Are there plac-es

R. Sure-ly, Sure-ly.

W. Sure-ly, Sure-ly.

H. Sure-ly, Sure-ly.

Tempo I° not too fast

p

S. I can dine? Are the girls as pret-ty as the

R. Sure-ly, Sure-ly.

W. Sure-ly, Sure-ly.

H. Sure-ly, Sure-ly.

rit.

S. love-ly girls I knew? Will they smile when I say "How d'ye do!"

rit.

f

f

S. Are the girls as pret-ty as the love-ly girls I knew? Will they

R. Will they

W. Will they

H. Will they

ff

S. flirt when I say "How d'ye do!"

R. flirt when I say "How d'ye do!"

W. flirt when I say "How d'ye do!"

H. flirt when I say "How d'ye do!"

rit.

ff

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No. 10

I'm from Chicago

Lyrics by
Herbert Reynolds

Music by
Sigmund Romberg

Moderato

Vamp

Gladys

Let me be - gin by say - ing Where I am

stay - ing I want it, And get it, So let it

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Warn you what to ex - pect From one who's di -

rect From a cer - tain cit - y in the west.

rall.

rall.

fz

Widow

a tempo

I'm from Chi - ca - go!

Chorus

Our ex- pect- ed pa- rents to re-

side in that lo - cal - i - ty Sailed with this car - go —

a tempo

p – f

Widow

Chorus

Hop - ing soon to en - ter Eu - ro - pe - an ar - is - toc - ra - cy!

Widow

I think your cit - y Seems kind of pret - ty, And I may

Chorus

buy it. We are on the list for cer-tain of - fers ma - tri - mo - ni - al

Widow

Af - ter I try it —

Chorus

Scorn - ing liv - ing long - er in an

Widow

at - mo - sphere co - lo - ni - al. If val - ues look sound

Chorus

Noth - ing en - ter-tained but of - fers du - cal or ba - ro - ni - al!

Widow

Af - ter I look round, I may in - vest, For I'm a bus'-ness

wo - man from the Win - dy Cit - y in the west. west.

1. 2.

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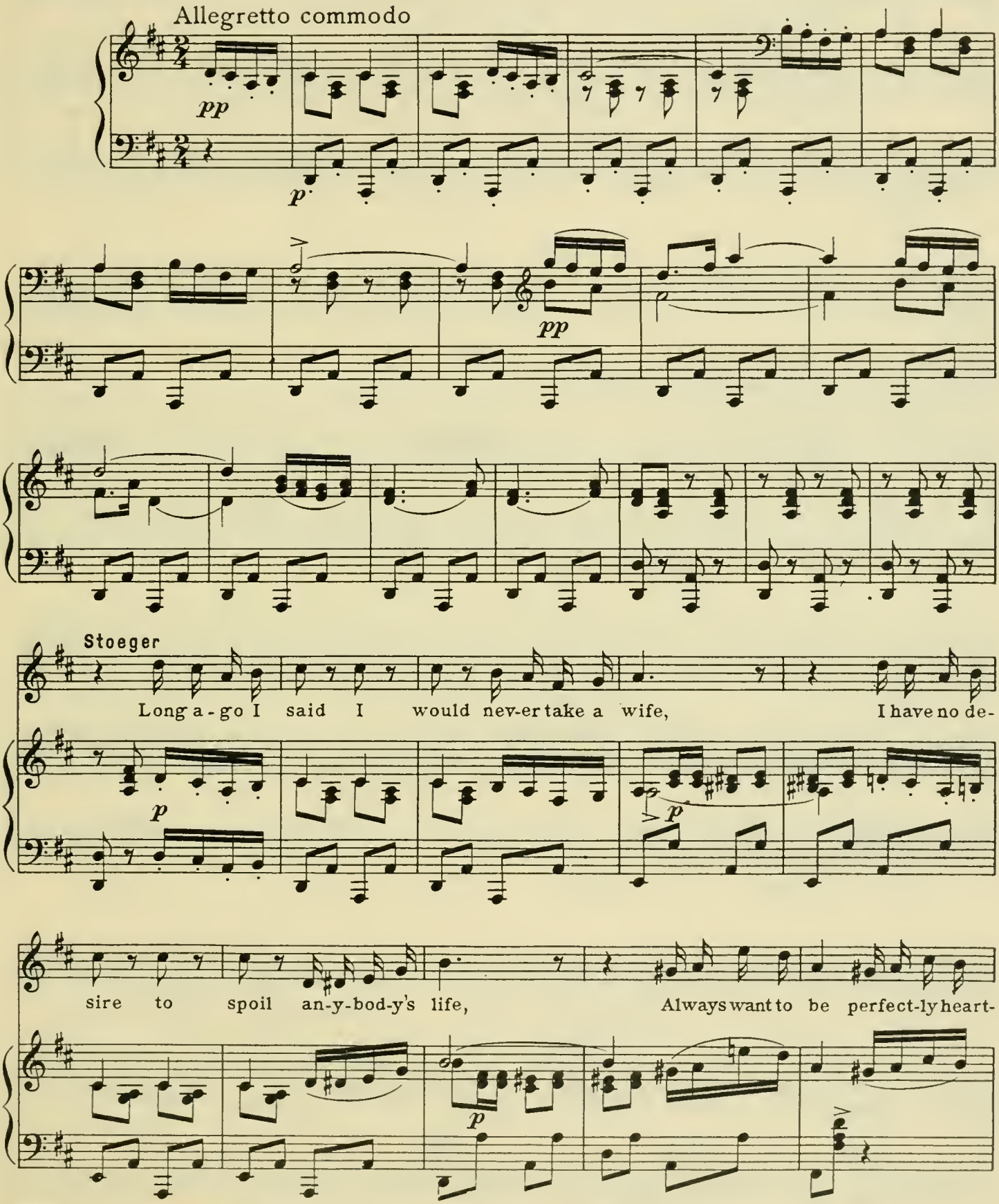
No. 11

Just Win a Pretty Widow

Lyrics by
Herbert Reynolds

Music by
Edmund Eysler



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free. Nev-er care to find that love and I___ Could-n't get a - long: There -

mf

Gladys

That is how the men all talk, Fin-al-ly they

fore do not wish to try.

fall. On-ly just a way they have, Real-ly that is

all. Let me tell you this, An-y lit-tle Miss That you thought the

right one trot-ting by You would follow af - ter her If she wink'd her eye.

If you'd

be a happy man, You'd better win a pret-ty wid-ow. Look a - round and if you

can Give all your fa-vors to a wid-ow, For she knows just what is what And you will

f

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find a per-fect trea-sure with-out measure When a pret-ty, wit-ty wid-ow you have

got.

Stoeger

2. Widows haven't al - ways been lit-tle model wives. They have done their

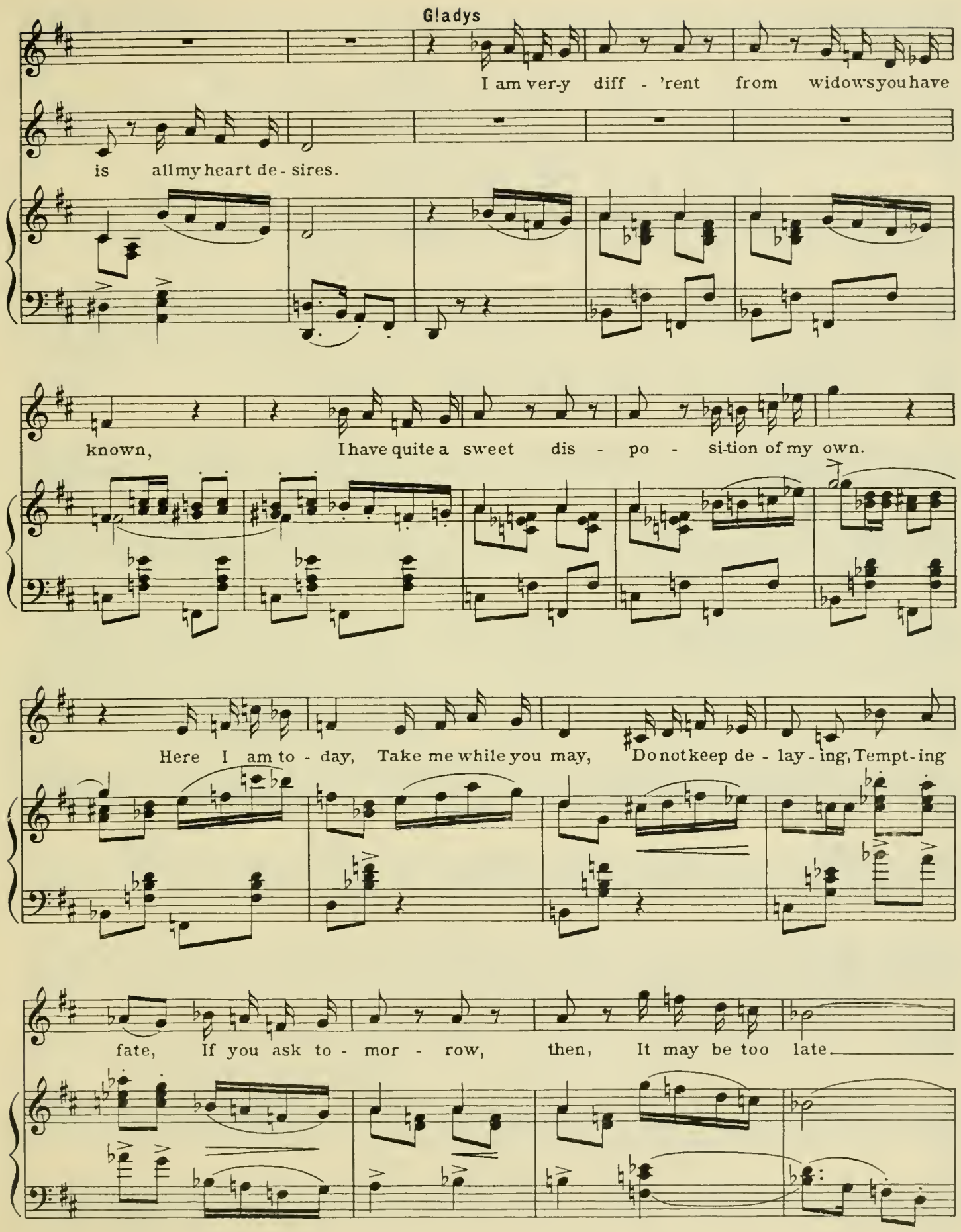
p

share of com - plete-ly wreck-ing lives. I am too a-

p

fraid I was never made To ex-per-i-ment with dang'rous fires, Single blessed - ness, yes,

mf


Gladys
I am ver-y diff - 'rent from widows you have
is all my heart de - sires.
known, I have quite a sweet dis - po - si-tion of my own.
Here I am to - day, Take me while you may, Do not keep de - lay - ing, Tempt-ing
fate, If you ask to - mor - row, then, It may be too late.

Stoeger

If you'd

Gladys

Look a round and if you

be ___ a happy man, You'd better win a pret-ty wid-ow.

can Give all your fa-vors to a wid-ow. And you will

For she knows just what is what

f

riten.

find a per-fect treasure with-out measure, When a pretty, wit-ty widow you have got.

riten.

A per-fect treasure, When a pretty, wit-ty widow you have got.

riten.

Wid-ow, widow, widow!

Wid-ow, widow, widow!

Wid-ow, wid-ow, wid-ow!

Wid-ow, wid-ow, wid-ow!

f

poco riten.

You'll find a per-fect trea-sure When a wid-ow, wid-ow you have got.

poco riten.

You'll find a per-fect trea-sure When a wid-ow, wid-ow you have got.

poco riten.

fz

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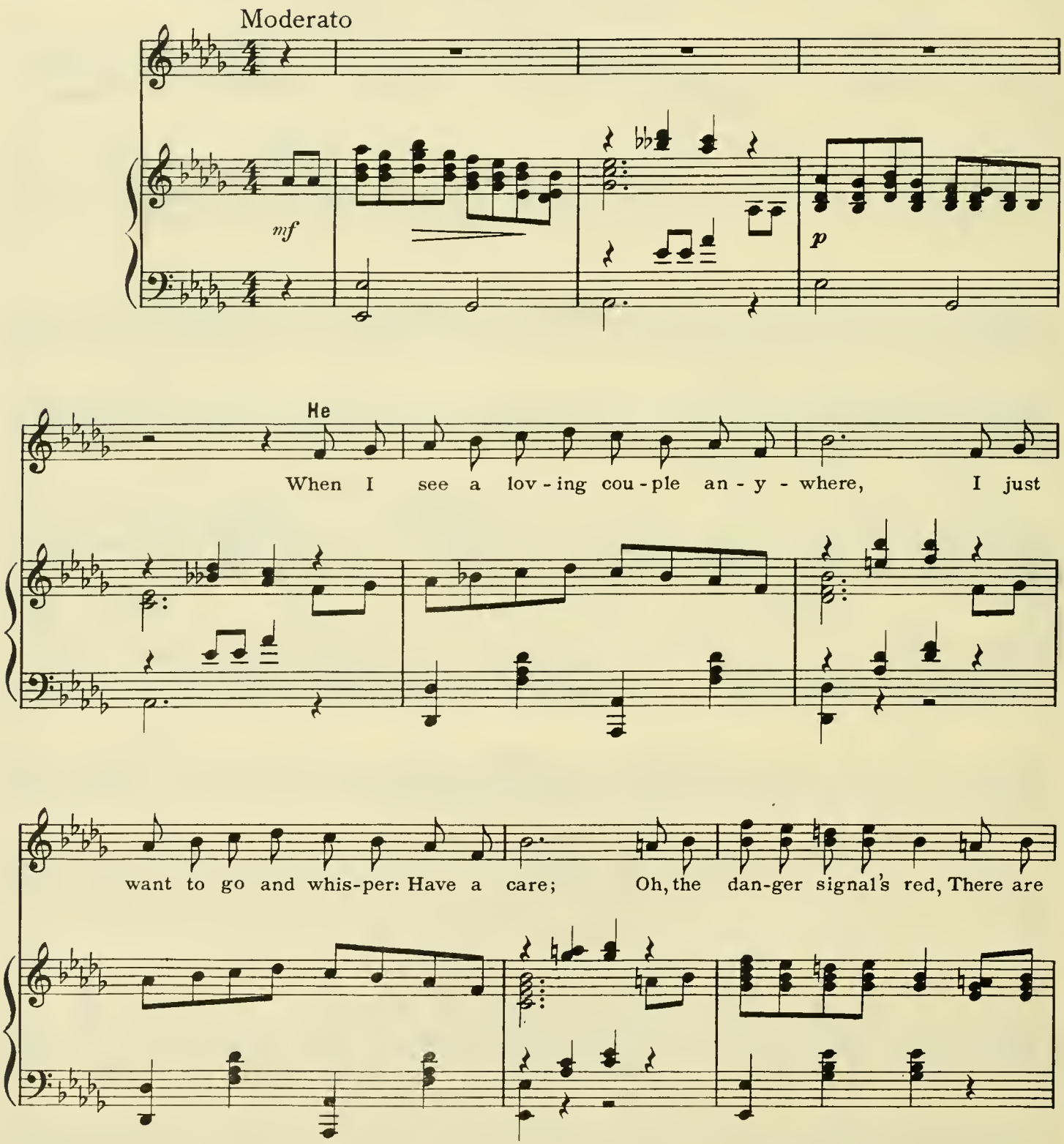
No. 12

One Step into Love

Lyrics by
Herbert Reynolds

Music by
Sigmund Romberg



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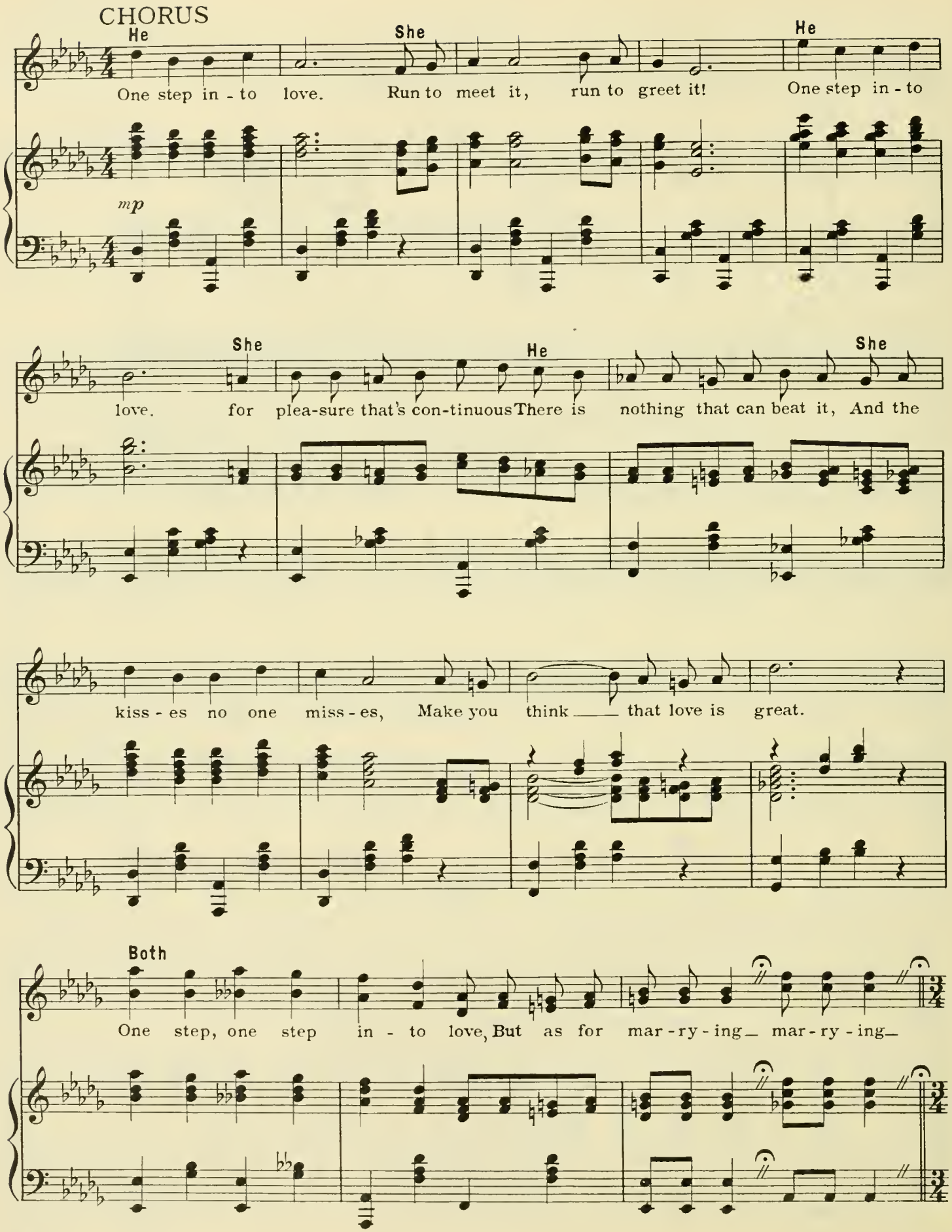
break-ers a-head, So be-ware! yes, be-ware! Quite a

lot of lit-tle things that now you say, You'll be sor-ry that you said an-oth-er

day; You can go from bad to worse, Pull the

lev-er re-verse, Break a-way! break a-way!


CHORUS
He
She
He
One step in - to love. Run to meet it, run to greet it! One step in - to
mp
She
He
She
love. for plea-sure that's con-tinuous There is nothing that can beat it, And the
kiss - es no one miss - es, Make you think that love is great.
Both
One step, one step in - to love, But as for mar - ry - ing mar - ry - ing

Tempo di Valse (molto espressivo)

Hesitate

Hesitate

mf

espress.

Hesitate

Hesitate

f

Hesitate

f

As for mar-ry-ing, Hes - i - tate!

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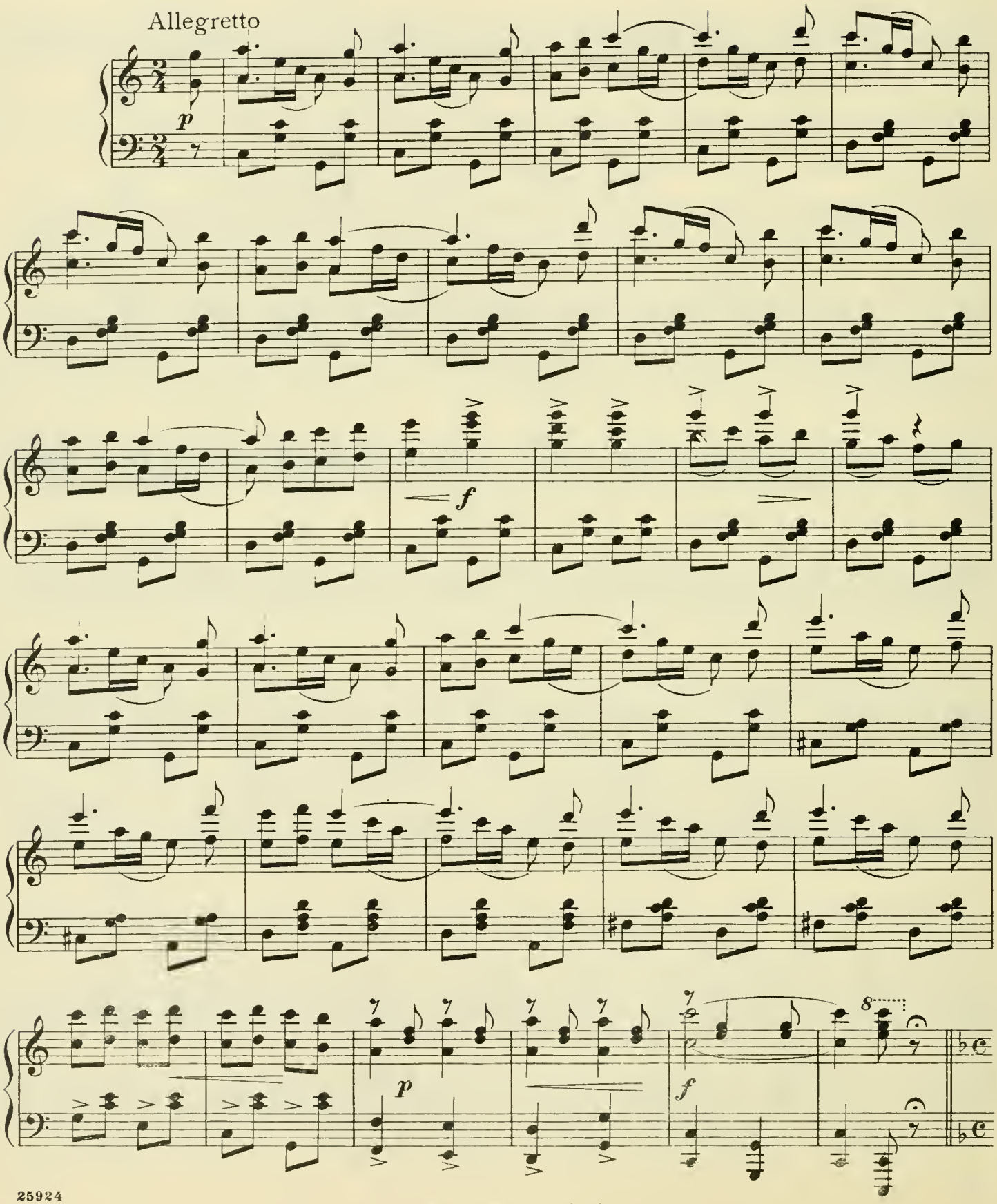
No. 13. Ensemble
Vienna, How D'ye Do

Lyrics by
Herbert Reynolds

Music by
Edmund Eysler



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Molto moderato

Stoeger

s.

Let me breathe the real Vien-na air now, Let me know that I am tru-ly

Very slow

s.

there now. Take me out to vis-it my blue Par-a-dise: What-ev-er

s.

I may want I have the price. *(Song:)* There's naught that is un-der the

s.

sky That I have not mon-ey to buy!

S.

And I'm in the mood to ac - quire What-

S.

ev - er a man may de-sire. When drunk with the wine or the

S.

kiss One joy from his heart I will miss: The sight of the

f

S.

bright golden curls Of the one my heart has worshipped As the sweetest of all girls.

S. *f*
There's naught that is un - der the sky _____ That he has not mon - ey to

Rudy *f*
There's naught that is un - der the sky _____ That he has not mon - ey to

Walter *f*
There's naught that is un - der the sky _____ That he has not mon - ey to

Hampel *f*
There's naught that is un - der the sky _____ That he has not mon - ey to

f

S.
buy! And he's in the mood to ac - quire What-

R.
buy! And he's in the mood to ac - quire What-

W.
buy! And he's in the mood to ac - quire What-

H.
buy! And he's in the mood to ac - quire What-

S. ev - er a man may de-sire. When drunk with the wine or the kiss

R. ev - er a man may de-sire. When drunk with the wine or the kiss

W. ev - er a man may de-sire. When drunk with the wine or the kiss

H. ev - er a man may de-sire. When drunk with the wine or the kiss

f

S. One joy from his heart he will miss: The sight of the bright golden

R. One joy from his heart he will miss: The sight of the bright golden

W. One joy from his heart he will miss: The sight of the bright golden

H. One joy from his heart he will miss: The sight of the bright golden

p

curls Of the one his heart has wor-shipped As the sweet-est of all girls.

curls Of the one his heart has wor-shipped As the sweet-est of all girls.

curls Of the one his heart has wor-shipped As the sweet-est of all girls.

curls Of the one his heart has wor-shipped As the sweet-est of all girls.

ff *ff*

fp

mf *mf*

s.

Stoeger

The

p

S. Ring Hot-el, what's that to me, I'm full of life, as you can see. Day and

rit. *f* *p*

night I've _ prayed to meet you, In my boy-hood home once more to

accel. *f* *ff* *p* *f*

greet you. Hope has been grat-i-fied at last: Friends as we were in the

ff *p*

past.

S. Ston - y side-walks seem to shout their greet - ing,

Rudy R. Ston - y side-walks seem to shout their greet - ing,

Walther W. Ston - y side-walks seem to shout their greet - ing,

Hampel H. Ston - y side-walks seem to shout their greet - ing,

p *accel.* *ff*

S. While my heart with joy - ous throb is beat - ing, Back where all the

R. While my heart with joy - ous throb is beat - ing, Back where all the

W. While my heart with joy - ous throb is beat - ing, Back where all the

H. While my heart with joy - ous throb is beat - ing, Back where all the

p *f* *ff*

S. friends I knew are tried and true: Vien - na, Vien - na, How d'ye do!

R. friends I knew are tried and true: Vien - na, Vien - na, How d'ye do!

W. friends I knew are tried and true: Vien - na, Vien - na, How d'ye do!

H. friends I knew are tried and true: Vien - na, Vien - na, How d'ye do!

rit. *f*

(Director of Hotel interrupts Stoeger again)

p

Stoeger

S. No mat - ter what the cost may be, Charge ev-'ry mor-tal thing to me.

p *cresc.*

S. One half of life's joy he must miss Who knows not the

Rudy

R. One half of life's joy he must miss Who knows not the

Walther

W. One half of life's joy he must miss Who knows not the

Hampel

H. One half of life's joy he must miss Who knows not the

Chorus

SOPRANO

ALTO One half of life's joy he must miss Who knows not the

TENOR

One half of life's joy he must miss Who knows not the

BASS

One half of life's joy he must miss Who knows not the

S. joy of a kiss. The sight of the gold - en curls Of the

R. joy of a kiss. The sight of the gold - en curls Of the

W. joy of a kiss. The sight of the gold - en curls Of the

H. joy of a kiss. The sight of the gold - en curls Of the

joy of a kiss. The sight of the gold - en curls Of the

joy of a kiss. The sight of the gold - en curls Of the

joy of a kiss. The sight of the gold - en curls Of the

S.

one his heart has wor-shipped As the sweet-est of all girls.

R.

one his heart has wor-shipped As the sweet-est of all girls.

W.

one his heart has wor-shipped As the sweet-est of all girls.

H.

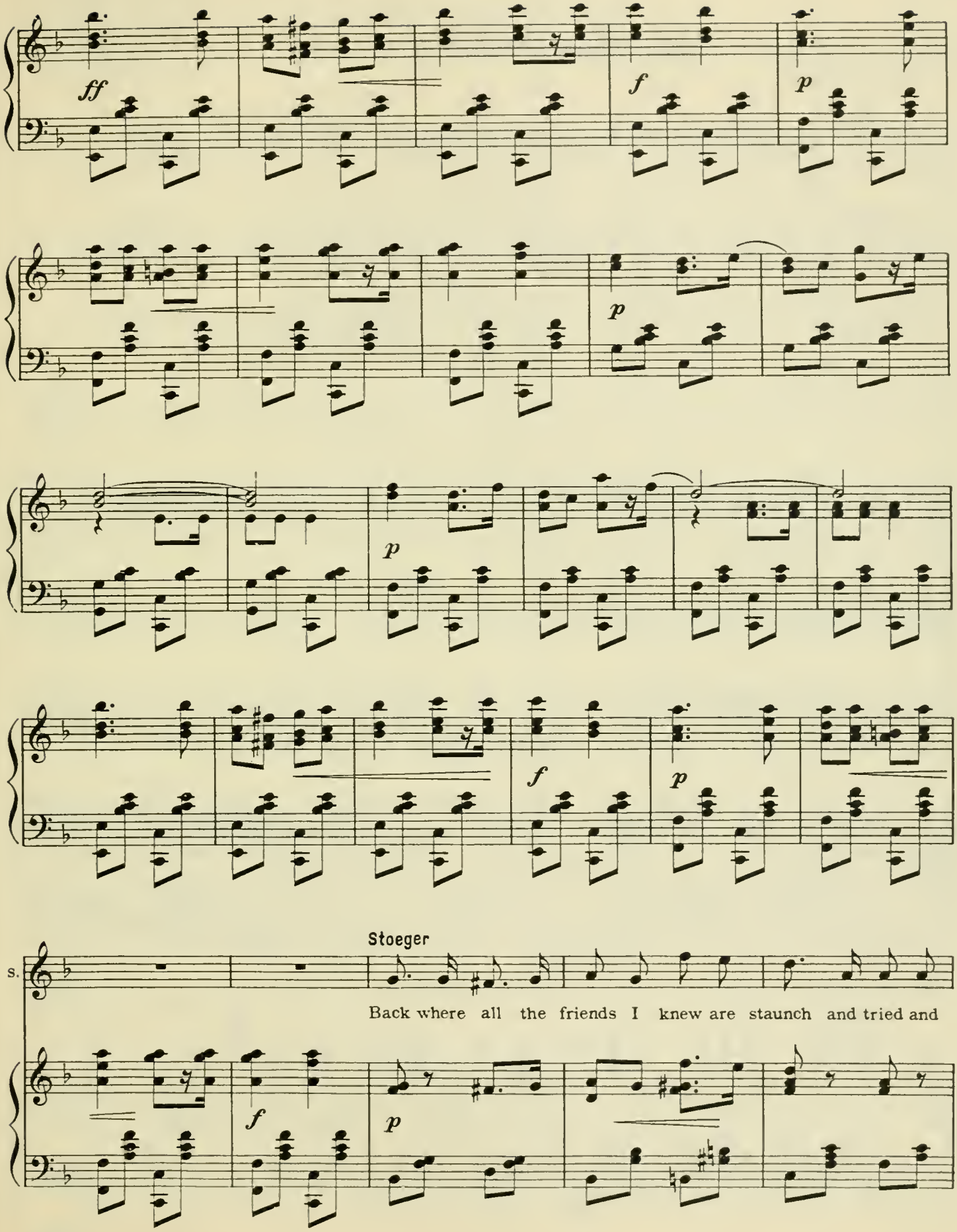
one his heart has wor-shipped As the sweet-est of all girls.

one his heart has wor-shipped As the sweet-est of all girls.

one his heart has wor-shipped As the sweet-est of all girls.

one his heart has wor-shipped As the sweet-est of all girls.

ff


ff
f
p
p
p
f
p
Stoeger
S.
Back where all the friends I knew are staunch and tried and
f
p

S. true: Vien - na! Vien - na! How d'ye do!

Rudy

R. Vien - na! Vien - na! How d'ye do!

Walther

W. Vien - na! Vien - na! How d'ye do!

Hampel

H. Vien - na! Vien - na! How d'ye do!

Vien - na! Vien - na! How d'ye do!

Vien - na! Vien - na! How d'ye do!

Vien - na! Vien - na! How d'ye do!

8

ff *lunga*

ff

Curtain

ff *ff* *ff*

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ACT II

No. 14. Opening Chorus

Why Are We Invited Here

Lyrics by
Herbert Reynolds

Music by
Sigmund Romberg

Tempo di Marcia

Will some one please ex - plain to us why we have been in - vit - ed here, A pri - vate house, it's plain to see, it's no ca - fé or ca - ba - ret. The in - vi - ta - tions, it is plain, were hast - i - ly in - dic - ted, — No

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in - for - ma - tion they con-tain: oh, why werewe in - vi - ted! 'Tis

ev - i - dent Hans Wal - ther's brain some new joke has in - ci - ted.

This cos - tume of a flow - er girl they gave me at the gate, This

cap sug - gests I as a cook to - night im - per - so - nate. These

wait - er's a - prons we re - ceived, we know not why we're here,

It cer - tain - ly is quite a joke and not so ver - y

clear. We'd all feel ver - y much re-lieved if some one would e -

lu - ci-date the mys - try of this fête, The mys-try of this fête. Hans

Wal - ther, were a - fraid, Hans Wal - ther, we are a - fraid, A

joke you've played on us Why all this mas - quer - ade, This

bus - tle and this fuss? Why all this mas - quer - ade,

this mas - quer - ade, this mas - quer - ade?

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No. 15. Comedy Folk Song
I Had a Dog

Lyrics by
Herbert Reynolds

Music by
Leo Edwards

Moderato

f

Now Hei - ny had a lit - tle dog what did - n't have no

p

teet', So Hei - ny had to sit all day and chew his dog - gie's

meat. One day he asked the lit - tle dog to sit up nice and

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beg; When dog-gie would-n't do it, why, he bit him in the leg!

CHORUS

Tra la la la la la! Ain't it sweet? Tra la la la

p-f

Tra la la la! Tra la la la la la! Move your feet!

Tra la la la la! Who can tell? Tra la la tell?

1. 2.

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No. 16

Folk Song and Yodle

Lyrics by
Herbert Reynolds

Music by
Leo Edwards

Tempo di Valse

f

I hear the cuck - oo a - call - ing to - night: Oo - lay - e -

p

o, Oo - lay - e - o, That cuck - oo goes call - ing when

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moon - light is bright: Oo - lay - e - o, Oo - lay - e - o. Oh,

he is in love with a cuck - oo - de - dee, I wish that some

cuck - oo would cuck - oo to me! I'm won - d'ring where all those

cuck - oos can be, Oo - lay - e - o, Oo lay - e - o.

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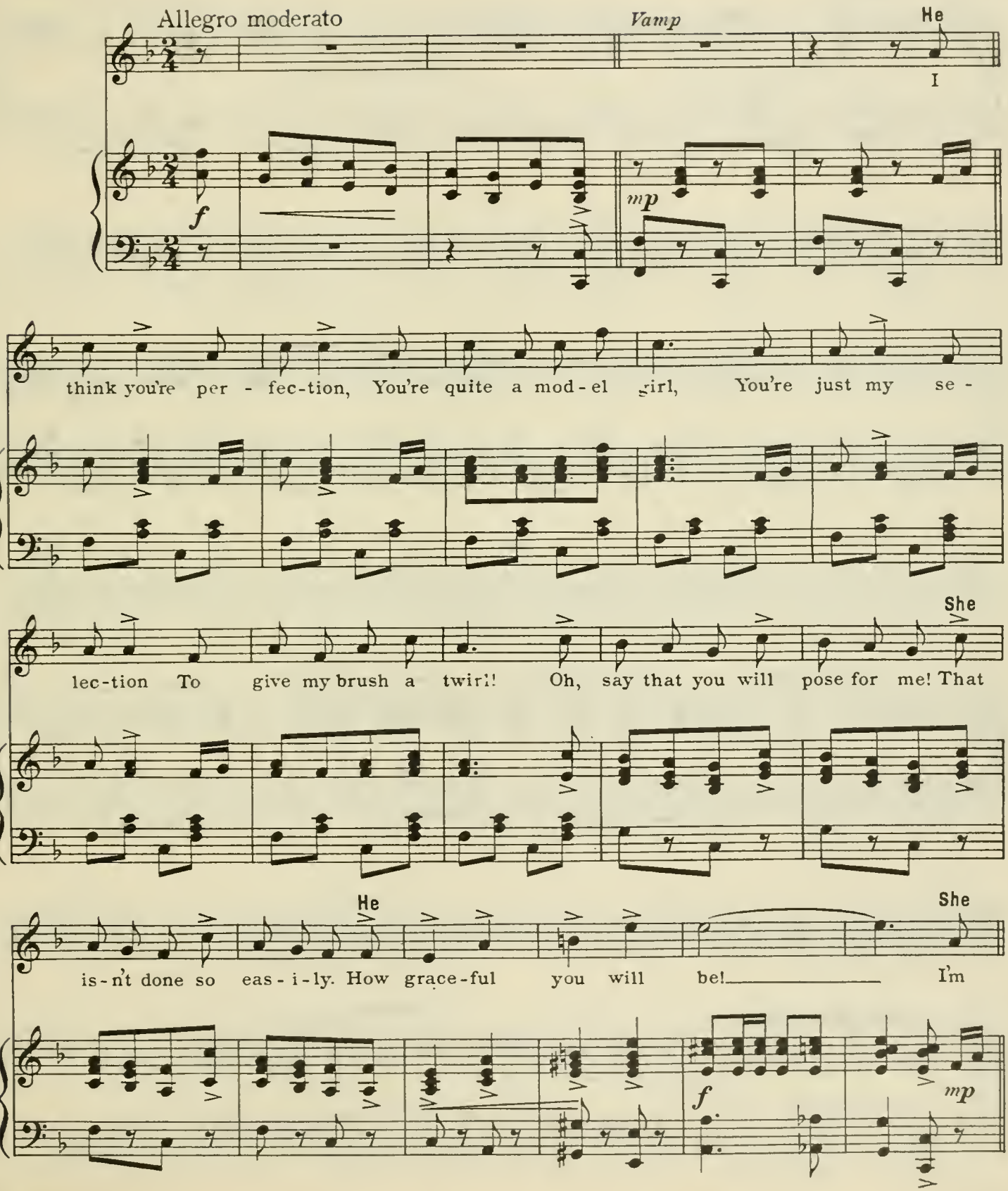
No. 17

My Model Girl

Lyrics by
Harold Atteridge

Music by
Sigmund Romberg



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not up on pos - ing, I don't know how to stand— The

way of re - pos - ing, The way to use your hand, Or

He

just the way to turn my face. I'll show you, if you'll take your place. I

She

rall.

He

don't think I shall ev - er do, I nev - er will pull through! The

rall.

CHORUS

Slow

She

tricks are ver - y few. I'll leave it all to you. You have

eyes, dear,— just like I i - do - lise!— You're the size, dear,—

p-f

— that I could al - ways prize!— And you've a mouth that's just of the kiss-ing

kind,— Just like the I - deal I al-ways seek to

in my mind

find. You've a way, dear, like no one else I know,

I must say, dear, that I could love you so; You're just so

per - fect, dear-ie, I tell you I'm a - fraid, And I know you're my

own, my mod-el maid. You have maid.

1. 2.

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No. 18
Waltz of the Season

Lyrics by
Herbert Reynolds

Music by
Edmund Eysler

In Waltz time

Stoeger

Hark! Hark! Hark! What is it the or-ches-tra's play- -ing? Hark! Hark! Hark! That starts you im-me-diate-ly sway- ing. The young ones, the old ones, The tim-id, the bold ones, Not one of the lot is im-mune. The bad and re-

mf *p* *mf* *p* *p*

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lig - ious, pe - tite and pro - dig - ious, All fall for the pop - u - lar tune.

cresc. *f*

REFRAIN

rit. *a tempo*

Waltz of the sea - son, waltz di - vine, Touch-ing the spot in this

f rit. *sfz a tempo* *sfz*

p *f*

heart of mine. Ev-'ry one is there, All know the air, Sing it and

p *f*

whis - tle it ev - 'ry - where. Sweet as the soft - est lul - la - by That's

f *sfz*

hummed to the chil - dren when they cry: You're born near the Dan - ube's wa - ter

sfz

blue, All of the world's in love with you.

f *ff*

f *mf*

f

Tempo I°

Stoeger

Hark! Hark! Hark! On the gram-o-phone and pi-an-o-

mf *p*

la. Hark! Hark! Hark! Hand-or-gan and band and Vic-

mf *p*

tro- -la. Men dust-ing wheel-barrows Sing du-ets with sparrows: The

p

won-der-ful tune nev-er halts. The cats on the

fenc-es, When night-time com-mences, Are keen on the pop-u-lar waltz.

cresc. *f*

rit. *a tempo*

Waltz of the sea - son, waltz di - vine, Touch - ing the

f rit. *sfz a tempo*

spot in this heart of mine. Ev-'ry one is there,

p

sfz *p*

All know the air, Sing it and whis - tle it ev - 'ry-

f *f*

where. Sweet as the soft - est lul - - la - by That's

f *sfz*

hummed to the chil - dren when they cry You're born near the Dan - ube's

sfz

wa - ter blue, All of the world's in love with you.

ff

Waltz of the sea - son, waltz di - vine, Touch-ing the spot in this

Chorus

SOPRANO *ff*

ALTO Waltz of the sea - son, waltz di - vine, Touch-ing the spot in this

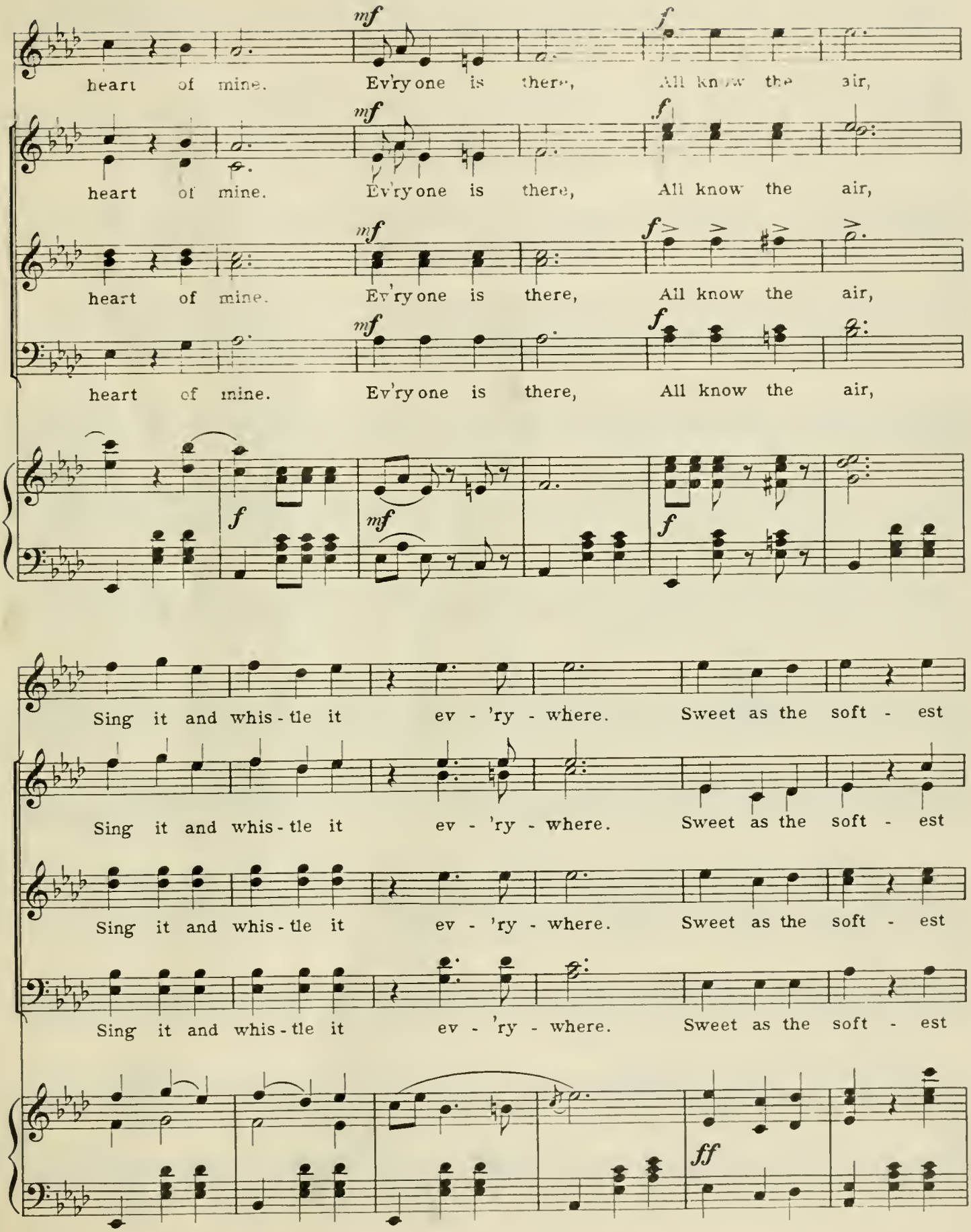
TENOR *ff*

Waltz of the sea - son, waltz di - vine, Touch-ing the spot in this

BASS *ff*

Waltz of the sea - son, waltz di - vine, Touch-ing the spot in this

ff


mf
f
heart of mine. Ev'ry one is there, All know the air,
heart of mine. Ev'ry one is there, All know the air,
heart of mine. Ev'ry one is there, All know the air,
heart of mine. Ev'ry one is there, All know the air,
Sing it and whis - tle it ev - 'ry - where. Sweet as the soft - est
Sing it and whis - tle it ev - 'ry - where. Sweet as the soft - est
Sing it and whis - tle it ev - 'ry - where. Sweet as the soft - est
Sing it and whis - tle it ev - 'ry - where. Sweet as the soft - est
ff

lul - - la - by That's hummed to the chil - dren when they cry: You're

lul - - la - by That's hummed to the chil - dren when they cry: You're

lul - - la - by That's hummed to the chil - dren when they cry: You're

lul - - la - by That's hummed to the chil - dren when they cry: You're

Stoeger

rit.

born near the Dan - ube's water so blue, All of the world's in love with you.

rit. *f* *ff*

Presto

ff

ff to end

8

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No. 19
The Tune they Croon in the U. S. A.

Words and Music by
Cecil Lean

Allegro

Rudolph

Most ev-'ry foreign na-tion Has a

style of song cre - a - tion That ex - press-es what its peo-ple most re - quire:

Thus styles in mu-sic va - ry Like girls we love to mar-ry; Though we

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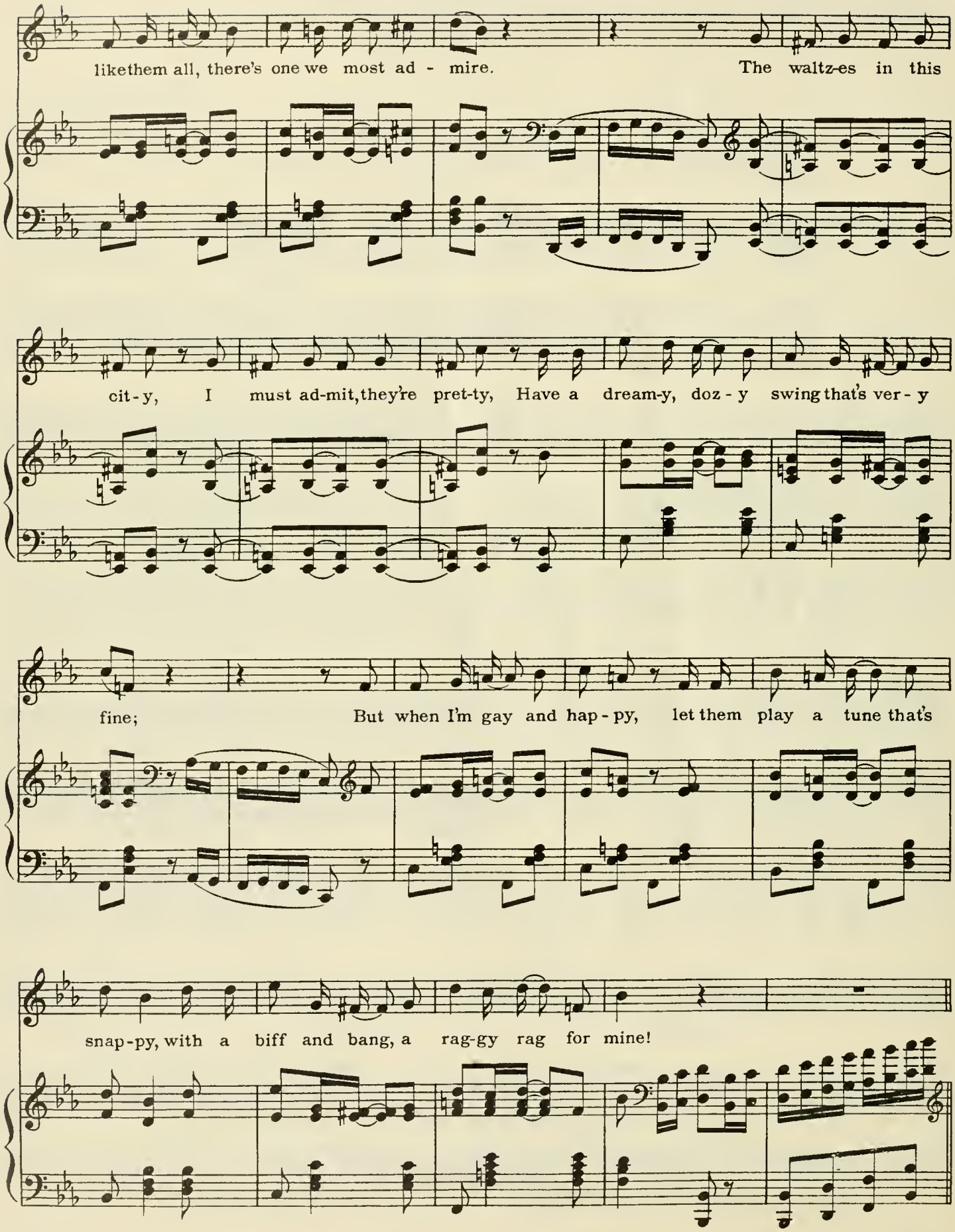
likethem all, there's one we most ad - mire. The waltz-es in this
cit-y, I must ad-mit, they're pret-ty, Have a dream-y, doz - y swing that's ver - y
fine; But when I'm gay and hap - py, let them play a tune that's
snap-py, with a biff and bang, a rag-gy rag for mine!

Play me a tune that's got a syn-co-pa-ted swing; Let the

brass go "for-te" in it Start your feet when you be-gin it! Play me a

rag that fair-ly makes the wel-kin ring, Don't get part-ed, Once you've start-ed,

(Spoken)

Lag it up, drag it up, jag it up, rag it up! Oh Mis-ter lead-er man, that

mu - sic makes me sway, I can-not get a - way from it, no

mat - ter_ what you say. I like the waltz with its sym - phon-y,_ but I

love the rag with its tym - pan - i,_ Now that's the tune that the

peo - ple croon in the good old U. S. A. A.

1. 2.

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No. 20
I'm Dreaming of A Wonderful Night

Lyrics by
Herbert Reynolds

Music by
Edmund Eysler

Very slow waltz time

pp

Stoeger

I'm dreaming of a won-der-ful night, night long a - go. She was there, Her eyes a-light with love 'neath the bright, bright wave curl Of her hair. We were chil-dren and love gently beck-oned,

pp

f

f

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And no thought of the morrow was reck - oned. We were sweet-hearts and

smorzando

asked for no more: and now I know the dream of my boy-hood is

fz *p* *p*

o'er. But ev - er my heart shall the ques - tion re - peat: oh,

dolce string.

p

where is my child-love so ten - der and sweet; And nev - er an answer from

Tempo I°

me shall be heard, No, nev - er a word, no, nev - er a word. Though voic - es are

accel. *p* *mf* *p*

si - lent in dream - land, I'll find a won - der-ful pic-ture of days far be -

hind. A - gain I am young, she is smil - ing at me, And sweet is the

rit.

mem - o - ry.

rit. *p*

Gladys

Why dream a-bout the won-der-ful night, night long a-go: She's not

dolce

p

here. Her eyes no long-er shine 'neath the bright bright

f

wav-y curls, Once so dear. Oth-er eyes there are ten-der-ly shin-ing,

f

p

oth-er hearts for your love are now pin-ing; All the joy of your life is to

p

fz

G.

be. The past means nothing more now for you or for me.

p

Stoeger

S.

But ev - er my heart shall the ques - tion re - peat: Oh, where is my

Glady

G.

And nev - er an answer by me shall be

S.

child - love so ten - der and sweet;

G.

heard, No nev - er a word, no nev - er a word. Though

accel. *p* *mf* *p*

Tempo I°

voic - es are si - lent in dream - land, I'll find a won - der-ful

pict - ure of days far be - hind. A - gain I am young, she is

smil - ing at me, And sweet is the mem - o - ry.

rit.

cresc. molto

mf

ppp

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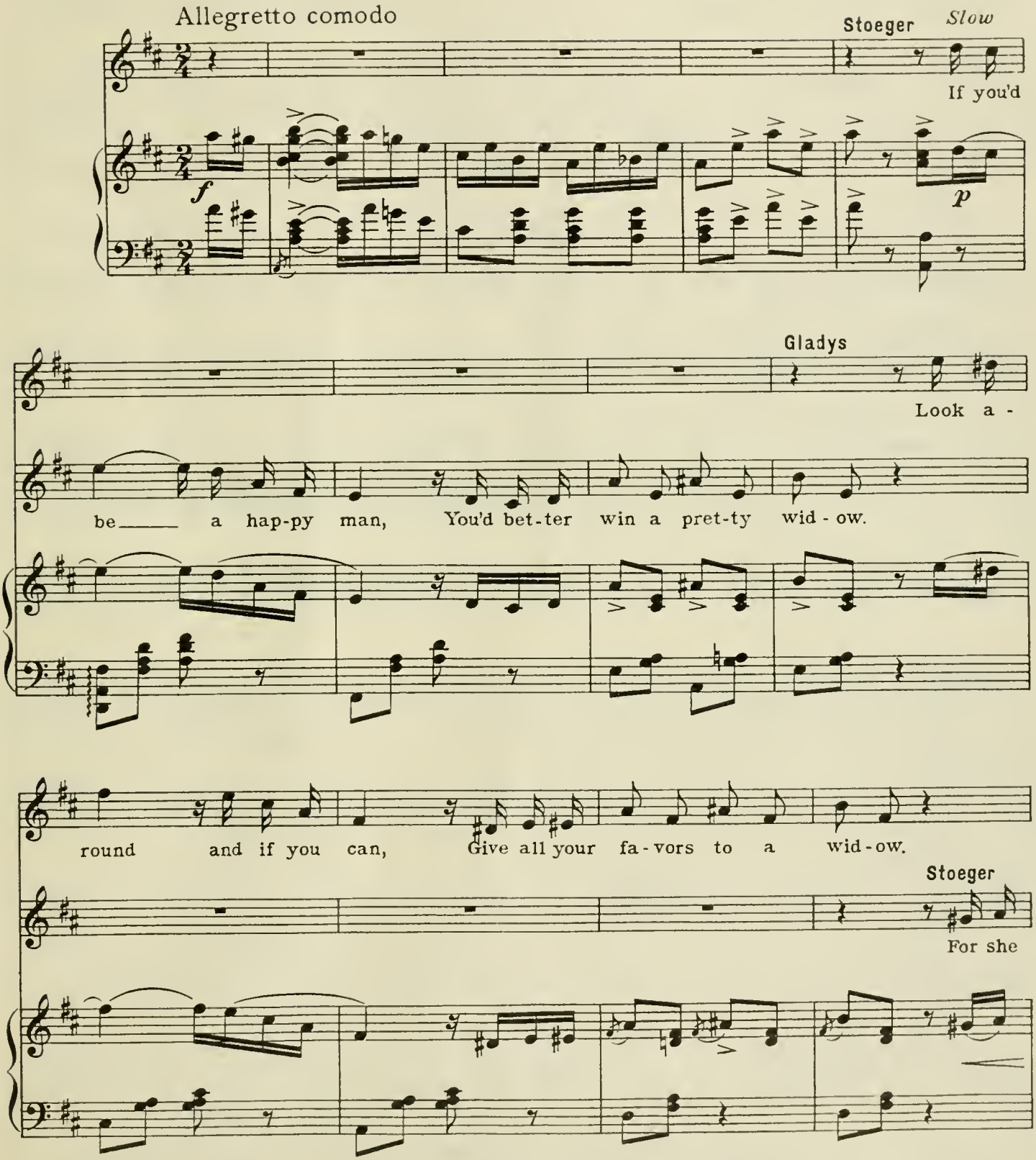
No. 21
Finale

Lyrics by
Herbert Reynolds

Music by
Edmund Eysler



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And you will find a per-fect treas-ure with-out meas-ure When a

knows just what is what, treas-ure with-out meas-ure When a

f

riten. Tempo di Valse

pret-ty, wit-ty wid-ow you have got.

riten.

pret-ty, wit-ty wid-ow you have got.

Tempo di Valse

riten.

Chorus

ALL SOLOS

ff

Waltz of the sea - son, waltz di - vine, Touch-ing the spot in this

SOPR. & ALTO

ff

Waltz of the sea - son, waltz di - vine, Touch-ing the spot in this

TENOR

ff

Waltz of the sea - son, waltz di - vine, Touch-ing the spot in this

BASS

ff

Waltz of the sea - son, waltz di - vine, Touch-ing the spot in this

Lively waltz movement

ff

heart of mine. Ev-'ry one is there, all know the air,

heart of mine. Ev-'ry one is there, all know the air,

heart of mine. Ev-'ry one is there, all know the air,

heart of mine. Ev-'ry one is there, all know the air,

Sing it and whis-tle it ev - 'ry - where. Sweet as the soft - est

Sing it and whis-tle it ev - 'ry - where. Sweet as the soft - est

Sing it and whis-tle it ev - 'ry - where. Sweet as the soft - est

Sing it and whis-tle it ev - 'ry - where. Sweet as the soft - est

Stoeger

lul - la - by That's humm'd to the chil - dren when they cry, You're

lul - la - by That's humm'd to the chil - dren when they cry,

lul - la - by That's humm'd to the chil - dren when they cry,

lul - la - by That's humm'd to the chil - dren when they cry,

born near the Dan - ube's waters so blue: All of the world's in love with you.

rit. (Quick)

rit. *f* *ff*

ff till end

8

LABORUM
DULCE
LENIMEN
G. SCHIRMER

BOUND BY
HNM

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THE BLUE PARADISE. PIANO-VOCAL SCORE. EN
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